

The news that drifts from Senatorial chambers touching the economical disposition of Mr. Aldrich and his colleagues is of vital interest. If trustworthy, it indicates that the governmental problem of making both ends meet is by no means as distressful as it appears to be regarded at the White House, where there has been some obvious groping about for new sources of revenue. More revenue there must be, of course; but the Senate leaders are represented to be of the opinion that it can be derived in sufficient volume from a tariff properly formulated, if at the same time the new Committee on Public Expenditures will undertake to place a limit on governmental outlay. In other words, trim expenses to fit the income, and all will be well.

We have no doubt this programme is practicable in both aspects. The Payne bill, exclusive of its inheritance tax feature, which everybody realizes is mighty unpopular, is not a good revenue producer, nor has it been framed with due regard to the production of revenue from imports, so that it can be easily improved in this respect. Equally true is it that expenditures are so excessive that they may be pared without doing injury to any branch of the government service. But will the Senate be able to convert itself from the extravagance to which it has been addicted in the past? This is the serious element in the problem the Senate leaders are alleged to have set themselves. For many years the plaint of economists in the House has been that their appropriation bills were regularly increased in the Senate, and that a good share of the increase stuck. In the last three years alone the Senate has added to House bills the vast sum of \$142,701,000, as shown in the subjoined table:

	House	Senate
1907-08	\$12,230,000	\$78,486,000
1908-09	27,087,000	81,993,000
1909-10	87,556,000	87,968,000
Totals	\$12,303,000	\$253,307,000

These figures sufficiently demonstrate where a large share of responsibility for the threatening deficits of the Treasury must be placed. They likewise show where economy may be fitly practiced, if economy is to be the order of the day. If a reforming spirit is really abroad in the Senate, the problem of Federal revenues may be solved in the right way by saving the millions now annually going to waste. It would be an amazing and salutary reform, which we hope to live to see. Surely a nation with a yearly income of \$500,000,000, exclusive of postal revenues, cannot be very hard up. It would not be hard up at all if the prospective revenues were, as they should be, some sort of guide to possible expenditures. If the Senate Committee on Public Expenditures, working in conjunction with the Finance Committee, succeeds in correlating income and expenditure without tapping new sources of revenue, a new era has dawned in Congressional financing.

Spring has concluded its first week on the job. Record, excellent.

Keeping Alive Conservation Policy.

Notwithstanding the indifference of Congress to the National Conservation Commission created by Mr. Roosevelt, the work of the commission will go on. It will be carried forward by the joint committee on conservation appointed by the conference of governors. This committee has established headquarters in this city, in charge of Secretary Thomas R. Shipp, of the national commission. The committee will undertake to prepare plans for the definite application of conservation principles to problems arising in the several States. Of course, all this work is unofficial, though doubtless the joint committee will keep in touch with those departments of the government interested in conservation questions.

In a statement issued to the members of the national commission, Clifford Pinchot, chairman of both the commission and the committee, says that the former cannot proceed with its work on account of the prohibitory clause directed at all commissions which was inserted in the sundry civil bill at the instance of Mr. Taft. Yet the commission will be continued, its work, it is hoped, being only temporarily interrupted.

Taft intends asking Congress for an appropriation for the use of the commission. Meantime the conservation movement will be forwarded by the joint committee, and the progress of conservation work in the departments is not in any way prevented. Thus, both officially and unofficially, the great idea of conservation will be promoted, until Congress shall provide permanent means for putting a comprehensive national policy into effect. This is one of the matters as to which we trust Mr. Taft will be more successful in enlisting the support of the legislative branch than was his predecessor, who forced the subject upon the attention of the country.

A number of Joe Brownlows down in Georgia seemingly incline to nag Gov. Hoke Smith into running against the governor-elect, in case the latter should ask

for a second term. We fear it is in order for "Little Joe" to begin praying right now to be delivered from some of his enthusiastic but, fool friends in Crackerdom.

"Fitz invited to the White House," says a Brooklyn headline. Tut, tut! Remember, there has been a change in that domicile lately. That line refers to Fitzgerald, not Fitzsimmons.

Status of Marines Restored.

The restoration of the legal status of the United States marines, which is just announced, is most commendable. It is an action that means simple justice to a corps of men of demonstrated usefulness and will be generally gratifying to all who have followed and entered fully into the merits of the controversy or contention. This action supplements the ordering of the marines back to the ships—an order made necessary by a provision in the naval appropriation bill. The complement of marines on battle ships must be 8 per cent of the enlisted men. Although the constitutionality of this provision in the appropriation act has not been passed upon, the wish of Congress conforms so thoroughly with the public view that really there should be no prolongation of the contention. There has been enough bickering and altogether too much demoralization and injustice involved in the entire episode. It is a matter for rejoicing that the marines have been set right.

"Imagine him seasick," suggests the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Our imagination has its limitations, unfortunately.

Reckless Mr. Payne.

The New York Evening Post, somewhat meanly, perhaps, picks from out the mass of Congressional eloquence recently hurled about the House of Representatives by Mr. Seno E. Payne in respect of the tariff, the following illuminating bit of opinion concerning and appertaining to and in defense of the proposed increase upon certain kinds of women's gloves:

"Women could get along without the kid gloves, or fewer pairs of them, and silk gloves and cotton gloves, and all that sort of thing. They could keep their hands warm, although they could not cover their pride."

We should not be surprised if Mr. Payne sees that remarkable chicken coming home to roost some fine day, and we opine he will not be at all glad to see it, moreover. To our way of thinking, the statement borders so closely on the utterly reckless that it is hard to determine just what variety of political courage prompted its promulgation. And if the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee hopes to bolster up some other sections of his bill with arguments akin to this one noted, the wallope and awats he is in for will leave a lasting and strenuous impression on his political circle, albeit he may never be able to locate the exact power actually behind the parties doing the indicated pointing.

"Women could get along without kid gloves," etc. They could keep their hands warm, although they could not cover their pride." Indeed! That is bad enough, and, in ordinary circumstances, would suggest the idea of Mr. Payne's friends taking him in hand, mayhap; but it is not yet as much of a troublemaker, probably, as another thought it conjures up. What havoc that theory would work if applied in its logical manner to the situation likely to result from fine proposed increase in the stocking schedule! Are the parties affected to wear fewer stockings, or discard them altogether?

To think that Mr. Payne, of all tariff tinkers, should thus rush in where angels would fear to tread!

An editorial mildly commendatory of Mr. Roosevelt, appearing in a recent issue of the Columbia State, bears the headline, "The temporary passing of Teddy." Our contemporary's conservatism is not only marked, but wise.

A True Picture.

For a luminous and accurate word-picture of the Payne tariff bill we can unreservedly commend this paragraph from the eloquent address of the Texan orator, Morris Sheppard:

"The Payne bill is from no possible viewpoint a sincere and equitable revision of the tariff. Its practical effect is to renege or to increase the overwhelming majority of the present tariff rates. Of the more than 4,000 articles and classes of articles in the present tariff law, it makes only a conditional reduction as to less than 400! Excepting about 75 outright increases, it leaves the remainder unchanged to serve as a minimum scale, the adding 20 per cent or more for a maximum scale. It provides for the transfer of most of the articles of importance on the free list, including hides and iron ore and coffee, to the maximum scale, adding a charge of 20 per cent ad valorem. It is so worded that on and after sixty days from the passage of the bill the maximum scale will become effective as to the majority of imported articles. It provides that on and after sixty days from its passage the maximum rates shall be charged on imports from all countries which give any other country preferential trade treatment over the United States. Most of the countries from which our imports come have special trade treaties which they cannot alter or amend for sixty days. In any event, it is doubtful whether any country would willingly yield to so insolent and unparalleled a demand and proceed to the immediate rearrangement of commercial relations, the result of years of diligent study and negotiation, merely to placate the United States."

Volumes could not tell more, or more exactly expose the extraordinary assumption that the Payne bill is a downward revision of the tariff. As to most of the schedules, it is precisely the reverse, and, to some of them outrageously so. Without going into tedious details, Mr. Sheppard has tersely stated the main outlines of this remarkable bill. To the busy reader nothing could be more illuminating.

A Texas mob carelessly lynched the wrong man last week. This gentlemanly and good-natured lyncher, however, has entered no complaint.

The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee has cast his tariff bill upon the political waters, and he probably expects to see it return a somewhat, if not thoroughly, frazzled proposition.

Charged with deliberate falsehood, a Michigan minister has been found guilty of "lack of restraint." Is it not peculiar how mollycoddish some congregations can be at times?

A tax on tea should prove very helpful to our infant tea and near-tea industries—if we have any, and we suspect we have.

A Chicago physician says "the solar plexus, not the heart, is the seat of love." We refuse to believe it. Think of star-

ing "Away down in my solar plexus I've got a feeling for you!" Go to; out upon it! It never would do!

So far as that proposed "drawback" thing is concerned, if it is any relation of the "drawback," excuse us, please.

The haughty tariff experts refused a tax on peanuts, eh? Still, when you think of it, the politicians stand in the consumers' shoes, in a certain sense, in respect to the peanut.

"Well, at last, the peach crop is all right," says the Savannah News. Oh, it always is—at last.

"We are caught, not in a falsehood, but in forgetfulness," said Mr. Roosevelt, in talking of that "Fads and Fancies" incident. Revised motto for the Ananias Club: "Forget it."

The crown prince of Serbia has renounced his royal rights. Good! Do not let him have a chance to take it back.

Pugilist James J. Jeffries says he will fight Pugilist Jack Johnson on "American soil only." That ought to be easily enough arranged; the sun never sets on it.

We have little doubt the original plot and kettle of mutual admiration were stanch Democrats.

Nobody even makes any pretense of sympathy for the cigarette consumer when it comes to the question of a tariff tax on those pestiferous and undesirable things. Yes; read it both ways, or either—it comes out right.

A contemporary says "Japanese baseball fans never roast the umpire." What do they do to him over in Japan? Just kill him outright, and have done with it!

"Judge Parker despairs of the republic," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Not because T. R. has departed for Africa, however.

"Of the qualifications of the literary person I possess none," says Richard Harding Davis. Perhaps not; he merely writes good stories that people buy and read enthusiastically.

BREACH IN MINORITY.

Outlook for a Strong Opposition in Congress Gloomier.

In the various explanations offered by the score of Democratic Congressmen who helped Speaker Cannon out of the pit that had been dug for him, there is an ingenious sophistry, but little candid recognition of facts. It is nonsense to say that the split represented any principle whatever except a desire to capture the plums that an alliance with Cannon offered. If the Democratic insurgents had honestly objected to Mr. Clark's leadership on sectional lines—and yet Mr. Clark lives as far North as Missouri—they should have opposed his election of minority leader by the Democratic caucus. They did nothing of the kind, however. Having to that extent acquiesced in his leadership, the members of the party owed to him their loyal support on all issues at least involving mere questions of tactics. Had a question of political principle been involved, differences of opinion might easily have caused the divergent action, but in this case the question was such that a duty chosen by the party's settled plan of campaign deserved to be accorded support by its followers, inasmuch as they all professed to have the same end in view—that is, a reform of our tariff laws. The fact that a breach in the ranks of the minority is still wide open is conspicuous, and, of course, it is threatening to the usefulness of the party. Party discipline in the Democracy has reached such a state of impotence that no leader can do much of anything, which is the long and short of the matter. The outlook for a "strong opposition" never seemed gloomier either in Congress or the country.

Valuable Information.

From the Boston Transcript.
Though Shackleton did not find the south pole, he knows where it is.

A Hit for Every Head.

VOL. II. NO. 45.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

PAYNEFUL PERSIFLAGE.

My favorite song is "Teasing."

The proposed tariff on coffee is not a subject fitting legitimate grounds for complaint.

"Duty" is the noblest word in the language—especially when attached to that classic "ad valorem."

The new law suggests no income tax because it is already assured me the Ananias Club is already larger than it really ought to be.

As for the probable increased cost of socks and stockings under the new schedules proposed, all I have to say is that, while they come high, the people gather here them.

Perhaps hides may go on the protected list yet. "Uncle Joe" and myself are not so particular about that, now that we have rounded up all the Democratic scamps we need in our business.

S. E. P.

LEGEND OF BEDLOE BEY.

Bedlar, save Bedloe Bey!
Togged in the garb of the Nile;
Note the courtly pose
And remark the swaggar style.

He won this for his little bit,
When the Khedive in his palace
Gave ear to the merry wit.

"Doc" disgorged his choicest libels,
And added his Royal Nibs;
Reclined David and Goliath,
Even poked the royal ribs.

At last the son of Pharaoh,
Overcome by humor's swar,
Whisked him one with rosy hide,
And thus made Bedloe Bey.

THE JUDGE.

Philadelphia, March 26.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE AMATEUR POULTRYMAN.

The pecky hens won't lay.
Well, well!
Now shall I feed chopped hay
Or shell?

Some recommend boiled lime as feed
And some on sponge cake are agreed.
It takes upon the whole
Much charm
To suit guests on a poultry
Fest.

What shall we do to please the hen
And coax eggs from her now and then?

Modern Engineering.

"How do the milliners manage to get out these enormous Easter hats on time?"
"Modern construction methods account for it. The steel framework is erected first, and then the trimmers can work on every story independently."

Parliamentary Procedure.

"How about my letter of proposal?" demanded the young Congressman.
"It has been advanced to a second reading," answered the haughty Washington belle.

The Difficult Part.

"I suppose it takes genius to write poetry?"
"Oh, no. But it does take genius to sell it."

Theatrical Item.

The villain asked a small advance.
A pality ten.
The manager replied: "No chance."
Foiled again!

Advising the Artist.

"Master, you're wasting time sketching that old ruined bridge."
"Indeed?"
"Yes; there's a fine new steel bridge just a mile farther on."

The Courtin'.

"Your daughter looks a trifle peaked."
"Yes; she's been sitting up a good deal lately with a lovesick friend."

As Shakespeare Says.

"Roosevelt will be perfectly at home in Africa. He kin make his way anywhere."
"You bet. The world is his Oyster Bay."

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN.

Rule of the Road Down for Auto Guides.

From the Pittsburgh Courier.
A very interesting decision is that of the United States Circuit Court, opinion of Judge Buffington, in the case of damages resulting from the collision of an automobile and a train in New Jersey. The question turned upon contributory negligence. The plaintiff of the auto owner followed closely the lines of the case of the farmer in Winston Churchill's novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career." The track was curved at the crossing where the damage was done; it was obscured by trees and brush alongside; the road approach was down a sharp grade, and so on. The auto owner claimed the crossing was extremely dangerous and that he had to take a chance.

The court agrees with the man injured about the character of the crossing. But it declined to follow the parallel of the story book case. It holds that different rules apply in the case of an automobile than in the case of horses and carriages. First, the machine may approach slowly to the tracks without danger of the horses taking fright and running away. Second, the driver may leave the machine and go forward to reconnoiter. In this case the auto could have been stopped on the east-bound tracks, after the freight train had passed, while its occupants looked up the other track to see if any trains were coming.

It is found the driver neglected all the precautions so dearly set forth, that he preferred to take a chance to taking precautions, and so he met disaster. He is held to have been negligent. And he is not only endangered his own life and that of his companions, but he endangered the lives of persons on the train. This decision is one well worth the remembering by automobilists. They are classed with trolley cars and other heavy mechanical contrivances, and must share with railroads in taking precautions against accident. They are not on the plane with pedestrians and drivers of horses.

THE BIG STICK

WASHINGTON, MARCH 27, 1909.

SNAP-SHOTS OF OUR FRIENDS.

T. C. NOYES In Contemplative Mood.

H. L. WEST In His Role of Choirleader.

M. E. AILES In His Bolivar Heights Garden.

EDDIE WALSH In Training for the Baseball Season.

CHAMPLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To lead or not to lead, that is the question.
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die—to sleep—
No more—to sleep—
Ah, me! and, by a guilting, to say
I end.
The heartaches and the thousand
foolish shocks
Democracy—
I sometimes contemplate. Oh, woe,
That I think
Of Louisiana and protected rice;
Of Florida, with fruit and things to sell;
Tobacco, peanuts, coal, and iron ore—
And proud Virginia in respect
Of Texan hides and sugar cane—
And Georgia, too,
With lumber, marble, and some
other truck.
Gadsoods, daddums, and also d-n!
To grunt and sweat under a weary
life;
And, in the end, a lemon-rat!

Why not bear those life we have
That to those we know and art
Thus "protection" doth make cov-
ers of my game;
And thus the native hue of resolu-
tion is
Sicklied over with the pale cast of
thought;
And enterprises of great pitch and
moment
With this regard their currents
Are lost,
And you lose the name of action. Stop
you now,
And stand Palest Seer, in thy orisons
Re all my sins remembered.
THE POET LAUREATE (N.O.M.)

WHERE IS HE?

Oh, a wonderful thing is a tariff bill,
And funny's the way they make
down it.
Smugly they smile as they twist
the while
They stretch it and pull it and
shake it!
With its maximum this and min-
imum that
But where is the man-on the dead-
level plane
Who will tell you the truth about
it?

A CONSUMER.

Have ho! Yo ho! And away we go
To Africa land and glory!
To shoot the gun and the bang,
Yo ho! For the Outlook's story!
Oh, over the sea it is for me,
To slay the festive chimpanzee.
And the giraffe hold, the elephant
oh!
And the hippo, too, so damp and
cold!
Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho!
Away to the hunting gory!
S. G. R.

BY YE LOCAL SCRIBE.

Cuno Rudolph is board-walking
at Atlantic City.
Alfred Henry Lewis entertained
the Press Club Wednesday night.
Capt. Archibald Butt is going for
a golf enthusiastically this spring.
Pennsylvania politics have been
satisfactorily adjusted. H. B. Yoshit
is again regularly in our midst.
Allen D. Albert, Jr. promises
us an "Ode to Spring" for our next
His work thereto was interrupted
by Thursday's barbecue.

INVITATION EXTENDED.

President George R. Corbally, of
the Consolidated Gas Company,
New York, has been invited by
the Erie Club to deliver a lecture on
the subject of "Dangers
of carbon monoxide." He has not
yet accepted.

Our fellow-townsmen, Charles B.
Landis and Delph, Ind.—a out-
standing in the interest of the
merchant marine.
Read Singing Bugle to-morrow.

Bark, through vibrating waves of thought,
His plating beam of light
Baffled and faint, with father's thought,
No sign nor record brings.
All I have learned, all I have taught,
They seem such useless things.
—E. B. Findlay, in the Century.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

One of the guests at a woman's luncheon in the West End the other day complained that Washington was the worst place in the world for lions. "They glide into the place," she said, "and glide out without the hero worshippers knowing their presence." She added that because they met only a few people and were entertained only at a few houses they carried away quite a wrong impression of Washington, since the best and most interesting circle at the Capital is not the official set before which these lions are paraded.

It will be difficult, however, for an artist lion who has recently come to town with the intention of settling here to escape the hero worshippers, for Paul Bartlett is one of the cleverest and most popular sculptors of American birth, and there is general rejoicing in artistic circles that he has consented to live on this side of the water, for a while, at least. Mr. Bartlett has leased and established himself in a studio near the Capitol and the Library of Congress, where the statues of Columbus and Michael Angelo are monuments to his fame. It is difficult to realize that a man who has accomplished so much in his profession has scarcely turned forty, but he was an infant prodigy, and was an artistic prodigy, and a professional career dated back to his early boyhood. When he was only fourteen he exhibited in the French Salon a bust of his grandmother, which won him the friendship and admiration of all the artists who saw it, and they immediately welcomed him as a colleague.

Mr. Bartlett is a son of T. H. Bartlett, himself a sculptor of some distinction, and was born in New Haven, where the foundation of his education was laid, but the foundation only, for his parents took him to Europe while he was still a lad, and his training has been entirely French. Mr. Bartlett's first master was M. Fremiet. At fifteen he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he was a pupil of the famous Cavellier, and at the salon of 1887 he received recompense for his group, "The Bear Tamer," a wonderful work for so young a man, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. From this time until today his fame has constantly grown, and in 1885 for his contributions to modern sculpture he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. Bartlett has been a prolific artist. His principal work is the equestrian statue of Gen. McClellan, in Philadelphia, a statue of Gen. Warren, in Boston, and a statue of Lafayette in the square of the Louvre, Paris, which was won to France by the school children of the United States. Before coming to America, Paul Bartlett had a studio at Passy, and who that ever visited it will forget the delightful experience! The train leaves one in a shady avenue, skirted by parks, with lovely little villas dotted here and there, enclosed by walls covered with wisteria and acacia vines, inside of which there are parterres of roses and geraniums, and some old-fashioned, but it is not as if one seems never to run across save in France, one of these quaint old gardens. Under the trees are comfortable chairs and tables, where one reads, eats, or sleeps as he will. Mr. Bartlett's studio was in the midst of just such a garden, and he seemed, in his workman's blouse, to fit his environment as well as did the grand trees, the flowering vines, and the flower plots. Hospitable? Yes, he was that, and more, too, for to welcome an appreciative countryman was a great joy of his, and he showed it in his cordial greeting, and in his ability to put his visitors at ease. Mr. Bartlett was as warm and as approachable, as responsive, and as delightful in his more prosaic surroundings in Washington remains to be seen, for, whatever else may be claimed for it, the artistic atmosphere so essential to artists it entirely lacks.

Mr. Charteris, of the British Embassy, is enjoying a visit from his mother, Lady Elcho, and his sister, Miss Charteris. Lady Elcho is the daughter of Hon. Percy Scarsden Wyndham, a granddaughter of the first Lord Leominster, and her husband, Lord Elcho, is the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. The history of the Wemyss baronetcy is an interesting one. The title was created in 1533 by Charles I. and its recipient was parliamentary during the reign of that monarch, but long before then the family had played a leading part in the history of Scotland. It was Sir David of Wemyss who was appointed to attend Margaret, Maid of Norway, in her journey through Scotland in 1286, another Earl of Wemyss married a daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, who became Lord High Admiral of Scotland and a commissioner for concluding the union of 1707; the fourth earl married Janet, daughter and heiress of Lord Francis Charteris, hence the family name. Their son was a Jacobite and attained the present earl is aide-de-camp to King Edward, deputy lieutenant, and holds the degree of L. D. from the University of Edinburgh. His brother, Lord Elcho, the father of Mr. Charteris, who has been an honorary attaché of the British Embassy for the past three years, and who will in turn inherit the title. Lady Elcho's sister, Mrs. Charteris, is a daughter of Lord Elcho, and her husband, Lord Elcho, is the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. The history of the Wemyss baronetcy is an interesting one. The title was created in 1533 by Charles I. and its recipient was parliamentary during the reign of that monarch, but long before then the family had played a leading part in the history of Scotland. It was Sir David of Wemyss who was appointed to attend Margaret, Maid of Norway, in her journey through Scotland in 1286, another Earl of Wemyss married a daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, who became Lord High Admiral of Scotland and a commissioner for concluding the union of 1707; the fourth earl married Janet, daughter and heiress of Lord Francis Charteris, hence the family name. Their son was a Jacobite and attained the present earl is aide-de-camp to King Edward, deputy lieutenant, and holds the degree of L. D. from the University of Edinburgh. His brother, Lord Elcho, the father of Mr. Charteris, who has been an honorary attaché of the British Embassy for the past three years, and who will in turn inherit the title. Lady Elcho's sister, Mrs. Charteris, is a daughter of Lord Elcho, and her husband, Lord Elcho, is the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. The history of the Wemyss baronetcy is an interesting one. The title was created in 1533 by Charles I. and its recipient was parliamentary during the reign of that monarch, but long before then the family had played a leading part in the history of Scotland. It was Sir David of Wemyss who was appointed to attend Margaret, Maid of Norway, in her journey through Scotland in 1286, another Earl of Wemyss married a daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, who became Lord High Admiral of Scotland and a commissioner for concluding the union of 1707; the fourth earl married Janet, daughter and heiress of Lord Francis Charteris, hence the family name. Their son was a Jacobite and attained the present earl is aide-de-camp to King Edward, deputy lieutenant, and holds the degree of L. D. from the University of Edinburgh. His brother, Lord Elcho, the father of Mr. Charteris, who has been an honorary attaché of the British Embassy for the past three years, and who will in turn inherit the title. Lady Elcho's sister, Mrs. Charteris, is a daughter of Lord Elcho, and her husband, Lord Elcho, is the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. The history of the Wemyss baronetcy is an interesting one. The title was created in 1533 by Charles I. and its recipient was parliamentary during the reign of that monarch, but long before then the family had played a leading part in the history of Scotland. It was Sir David of Wemyss who was appointed to attend Margaret, Maid of Norway, in her journey through Scotland in 1286, another Earl of Wemyss married a daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, who became Lord High Admiral of Scotland and a commissioner for concluding the union of 1707; the fourth earl married Janet, daughter and heiress of Lord Francis Charteris, hence the family name. Their son was a Jacobite and attained the present earl is aide-de-camp to King Edward, deputy lieutenant, and holds the degree of L. D. from the University of Edinburgh. His brother, Lord Elcho, the father of Mr. Charteris, who has been an honorary attaché of the British Embassy for the past three years, and who will in turn inherit the title. Lady Elcho's